

MY OWN SHALL COME.

JOHN SUBROOCH.

I hold my hands and wait,
I care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I have no more 'gainst time nor fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I may my hands, I make delays,
For what avail this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my fate.

Awake, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
For wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And gather up its fruits and tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs on yonder height
To form the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The flower nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

Thou shalt come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—Christian Fiction.

AGRIOTATOS.

The History and Adventures of a Noted Greek Brigand.

OLIVE HARPER.

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For about three years before the de-
thronement of King Otho of Greece a
brigand by the name of Agriotatos, which
signifies the wildcat, kept all Southern
Greece in a state of terror. He had but
a handful of followers, but they were all
redoubtable men, "pellicaries," as they
are called, and the very sight of one of them
was enough to paralyze any-
body who happened to
find himself in his pres-
ence.

This leader was a young
man not over twenty-
four years old, of an al-
most supernatural beauty;
over six feet tall and of
such proportions as have been perpetu-
ated in deathless marble all over that
hand by hands long since dust. His face
was noble, and every feature as regu-
lar in outline as those of the beau-
tiful statues in the Acropolis, with a
mobile mouth and a set of firm,
strong, white teeth that would cause
envy in the mind of the loveliest
woman. His eyes were large and
dark and full of fire. His mustache
was of a bright golden color, as was his
wavy hair, which he wore so long that
it hung in loose curls below his waist.
He always dressed in the picturesque
costume of his country, wearing a dark
blue velvet jacket, richly embroidered
with gold leggings of the same, stiff
with golden embroidery, and an imma-
culate white linen tunic or short shirt,
which was as full as it could be made.
About his waist he wore a scarlet silk
sash, and this in front was stuck full
of pistols and knives, all richly inlaid
with gold and precious stones. Upon his head
he wore the scarlet fez, with a long, dark
blue silk tassel. This peculiar and pic-
turesque dress set off his manly
beauty to its best advantage, and none

An inquest was held, he was judged
guilty of the murder of his sister, and a
standing order for his arrest was placed
upon the records. Thus he became an
outlaw.

He became a terror to all the
country. No one felt safe, and how
many English travelers he captured, and
held for ransom or killed, the history of
modern Greece can tell. He never harmed
a Frenchman or American, but all others
he fell upon and captured without dis-
tinction. He was only cruel to priests
and judges, who could expect no mercy
from him. The tales of the cruelties
practiced upon the priests would be too
horrible for recital. About two years
after his life as a brigand had begun fate
threw into his hands the very judge who
had condemned him, and, as was after-
ward proven at his final trial and con-
demnation to death, he had said:

"This is the hand which signed the or-
der for my arrest." And he cut
the judge's hand off. Then he said:
"This is the tongue which gave the or-
der," and he cut the judge's tongue
out. Then said, "And this is the head
that conceived it," and he cut the unfor-
tunate judge's head off, and it seemed he
could hardly get enough of satisfaction
out of the agony of the quivering corpse.
Every civil officer who fell into his
hands suffered almost as horrible a fate.

Naupli was then, and probably is still,
a fortified city, with a thick wall all
around it, and it is, or was, patrolled all
night by men who give the watchword as

of old, and yet, in spite of drawbridges
and gates, Agriotatos often appeared
there, and levied his tribute, or wreaked
his vengeance, and was gone before an
alarm could be given.

He robbed and killed with his hand-
ful of men all the way from Argos to Athens,
and even further, and though he did
much evil after the manner of men of
his class, he did much good. He gave to
the poor what he took from the rich; he
buried the dead and gave marriage por-
tions to the poor young girls; he gave to
the sick and to churches, though never
much evil after the manner of men of
his class, he did much good. He gave to
the poor what he took from the rich; he
buried the dead and gave marriage por-
tions to the poor young girls; he gave to
the sick and to churches, though never

At last, through treachery, he was
captured and taken in chains to Naupli;
and after his trial, at which his lawyer,
Michaelopolis, brother to the Greek con-
sul of that name, had spoken for three
days and nights, he was condemned to
death, and placed in a prison about a
mile from that city. This prison is in
the middle of the sea, and has an iron

bar, and she helped him to escape.
She obtained for him a peasant woman's
costume which, with its veil, made a per-
fect disguise. He escaped at a little
before sundown, and at once entered a
carriage with two heavy horses, which
soon left the tower of Palamitza far be-
hind. The jailer discovered his absence
and began to fire cannon, which gave the
alarm, and in a short time the soldiers
were scouring the country in all di-
rections for him.

Among these soldiers one had more
sense than the rest, and he led his men
quickly to the little village of Argos
where lived a woman whom Agriotatos
loved, and they silently surrounded this
house and waited. At about two o'clock
the young brigand reached there, and he
jumped from the carriage he was sur-
rounded in an instant by an overpowering
number, and he was then tied and bound
from head to foot, just as he was,
in women's clothes, and taken back to
Palamitza, where he was kept until the
officers could arrange for his im-
mediate execution.

His feminine disguise was stripped
from him and he was again chained with
heavy balls on feet and hands, besides
which his arms were tied behind him and
he bound so that he could not move, and
in this condition he was kept until the
order for his instant execution could be
obtained. He said but little, and with
his eyes flaming watched his chance, but
fear made his captors take a hundred
precautions, besides which four men
armed with guns, stood over him con-
stantly. At last the order came and he
was taken to the place of public execu-
tion, which was about a mile from Pal-
amitza, by the mills of Pashoa.

In Greece the executioners are people
despised and abhorred for their vile oc-
cupation, and they are always criminals
who have been given a choice between
death and the position of public execu-
tioner. They are as much prisoners
as any others confined in the prison; for
public hatred of them is so great that
their life is not safe outside of there ex-
cept when in official function. The law
also is so very strict that they can have
no outside aid in the exercise of those func-
tions, except a guard of soldiers, who,
however, cannot touch the prisoner.

As soon as the order had come and
they had taken Agriotatos bodily, like a
bale of goods, and carried him to the
place of execution, the young man be-
gan to devise means of escape, but none
of his followers were in sight—nothing
but a gaping multitude of men, women
and young students from the Academy
of Naupli. A guard of soldiers sur-
rounded him and three executioners were
there to carry out his sentence, for it
was rightly feared that one would not be
enough.

When they read his death-warrant
and asked him if he had anything to
say, he replied:
"Yes, I have this to say: I will not
die upon the scaffold, and I only ask to
die in full fight, and I guarantee to you
the entire army of Greece for three years
if you will leave my right hand untied
and let me fight with as many men as you
wish to bring against me, until I die. I
do not ask liberty, but only to die as be-
comes a brave man. This treasure I leave
to you, for you have taken it from me,
but I will willingly give it to you
for the use of my right hand only."

But they were too much afraid of him.
Too many stories of his superhuman
strength and agility were current and
authentic to permit of this offer; and
the treasury might need funds, and besides
it was barely possible that he had friends
in disguise among the crowd, and he was
promptly refused. Then he said:
"I call upon you, oh Greeks, you who
have known and seen my deeds; who
know my little sister's wrongs; my
mother's anguish—could I, dare I, let my
sister live with a chance of bringing a
creature of the viper's blood into the
world to seal our shame? Did I not do
right by my little sister in the sight of
God and the Holy Virgin? You all know
how I loved her; how I toiled for her;
yet she was ravished from me, from her
mother, from her promised husband.
Why was I condemned to outlawry?
Because the man who did this wrong had
the power to do so, and he was afraid of
me. I ask nothing now but an honorable
death, for, God knows, life has no charms
for me."

For answer to this were louder noises
upon the drums, low murmurs among
the men around the guard, and some
cries among the women who were for the
most part in mourning garb, and the
executioners pressed about him to drag
him toward the guillotine (or kamman-
yola). He saw that his prayer was to
remain unanswered and braced himself
to bear himself as became a man of cour-
age, and he also watched his chance to
defend himself.

The guard of soldiers pressed closer,
and stood with bayonets pointed at him
in a perfect circle. The three execu-
tioners tried to seize him, but quick as
thought he bent and caught one of them
by the throat with his strong, white
teeth, and when they tore him loose the
man fell fainting and with jets of blood
pouring from the horrible wound.

The remaining two then attacked him,
but he seized one by the left shoulder in
those terrible white teeth and crushed

drag him to the scaffold, but with his
bound feet and those terrible teeth he
still fought, until the executioner began
to use the knife, and Agriotatos begged
to be turned over on his face that he
might not die of wounds in his back.
Even then that knife was plunged to
the hilt in the powerful shoulders, cutting
off locks of the long golden hair each
time. Women screamed and fainted,
men groined and clenched their hands
until the blood came, and the soldiers
groined with horror.

Then, with one superhuman effort, the
young man turned upon his back and
received the three last blows in his broad
chest, and as the life-blood spouted forth
he smiled and died.

It was but a lifeless body of the wil-
dest that they dragged to the guillo-
tine and beheaded according to law.
Women and men crowded about, and
those who could obtain but a thread of
that long golden hair felt that they had
treasure, but the high official at Naupli
felt that he had done a noble work in
riding the country of this lawless man.

This story was related to me by one
of the students from the academy at
Naupli who witnessed this execution,
and who now lives in this country. It
is substantially true.

A CONVENIENT ART.

How a Noted Singer Could Melt the Hearts of His Creditors.

From the trumpet in the battle down to
the barrel-organ which it was said served as
an excuse for a burglar to watch a house
which his creditors intended to rob, mu-
sical art has been, from a variety of uses.
We are told, too, that it has "arms to
soothe a savage breast," and a brilliant in-
stance of this is found among the adventures
of Filippo Palma, who absolutely found
music of avail to soften the rugged heart of
a creditor!

This artist was notorious for being always
in love and always in debt. One of his old
and tried-out creditors caught him at length
at home one day. Upon being informed of
his errand, and of how the gentleman whom
he had brought with him would take charge
of the house, he said to him: "I am sorry
to hear of this, but I am glad to see you
meeting the debt. Palma, it is recorded,
made no other reply to his abuse and his
threats than by sitting down to the harpi-
chord and singing two or three of his most
touching airs to his own accompaniment,"
which so affected the creditor's heart that he
not only forgave him the debt but actually
lent him ten guineas to stay the fury of an
anxious creditor who threatened him with im-
prisonment.

This is much the same sort of sentiment
which once took possession of Farinelli's
heart, and he, too, frequently represents
nothing more than a pleasant figure of
speech, of which the fulfillment is never
given. It is only these few times it appears,
however, that the above form of expression
was, once upon a time, merely the statement
of a literary fact.

Farinelli having to attend a gala at court
ordered, a very costly suit of clothes, and
when the tailor brought them home, he
said for his bill, "sir," said the tailor, "nor
shall I ever make one. Instead of the
money I have a favor to ask. I know it is a
work for you, but I have been so long
I offer you a person of whose everyone speaks
with respect, all the payment I shall ever
require will be a song."

Farinelli did not press the tailor to
take his money, and after long arguing took
him into his music-room and sang to him
some of his most brilliant airs. The rav-
ished hearer was delighted, and the more he
showed this the more Farinelli strove to
please him. When he had concluded the
tailor was in ecstasies, and after thanking
him in the most grateful terms, was about
to retire.

"No," said Farinelli, "I have given you
your weakness; it is but fair that in your
work you should give way to mine. I am
taking out my purse, he insisted on his re-
ceiving a sum amounting to nearly double
the worth of the clothes.—*Blackings.*

NO WONDER.

A Kiss that Sticks in a Man's Memory.

Though he was young a Window.

The kiss that is witnessed by an unseen ob-
server through an uncertain window is
the funniest kiss in the business. It is a kiss
which sticks in the memory of the man who
witnesses the performance above all other
kisses—except those rare and racy oc-
currences in which he himself figured as the
party of the first part. Of course, those
are different, and he would naturally be
expected to remember them. The rarity of
the scene wrought on the fly through uncer-
tain windows renders them exceedingly
valuable. The average young man who
sets out to kiss his way into
the bosom of somebody else's
family pulls down the curtains and turns
down the gas, but there are occasional ex-
ceptions in which the young people seem to
lose their presence of mind and forget every-
thing except the unobscured business which
they laid over from the last meeting. In
such cases everybody in town is certain to
pass by that particular window just at the
critical moment, and the unconscious per-
formers scold along on the topmost wave of
popularity without being aware of the fact.
And everybody who passes that window
sees the kiss, and is so much interested as
though perturbed. You couldn't get a man
away from in front of a window where there
was any kissing going on if you were to ex-
plode a bomb under his feet.—*Detroit Tribune.*

A ROYAL LAUNDRESS.

An Angry Courtier Insults a King Who
Never Forgot a Slight.

King Frederick lived on bad terms with
his brother, Duke Ludwig, whose frivolity
and extravagance were especially irritating,
as the King had several times had to ex-
tricate him from his embarrassments for the
sake of the family honor. His displeasure
also descended on the duke's secretary, who
generally had the unpleasant task of in-
forming the King of his brother's diffi-
culties. On these occasions the King would
load the unfortunate Weber with most un-
kindly abuse. This roused Weber's bold
and haughty spirit, and led him to re-
venge himself by various little spiteful
tricks. On leaving the cabinet in a
rage one day, one of these violent scenes
he met the duke's secretary, the secretary
asked him for the reason of his anger, and
said Weber, pointing to the door of the
King's apartment: "The royal laundress lives
in there," and went off. The woman went
in, and being angrily received by the King,
stammered out that a young gentleman who
had just left the room had directed her
there. Enraged at this affront, the King
ordered him into arrest, but he was begged
off by the duke, and nothing more was done
at the time. That the King did not forget
his enviously he learned afterward to his
cost.—*Dictionary of Music.*

PLANTATION PHILOSOPIES.

Men and woman is different, but pretty
much all boys is alike.

It ain't what a man is dat makes him
happy in dis yere world. It's what he thinks
he is.

Boys may talk as much as de place
about all people being created equal, but it
ain't so. De same chicken's meat is
better dan de nigger's.

We've got to be tain't no high so much
work as we could do on de plantation, but
it's de same. De nigger's work is de same
as de white man's. De nigger's work is de
same as de white man's. De nigger's work
is de same as de white man's. De nigger's
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STORIES OF ANIMALS.

Good Birds Gathered from Various Sources
Concerning Their Possibilities.

One day, not long ago, some gentlemen
were riding along a country road in Ohio
when from the bushes they heard a quav-
ering rustling, and parting the branches of
the low growth on the roadside they beheld
a rabbit fighting with a snake; the rabbit
appeared to be trying to lead the snake
away, not flinching when the fangs struck
her own body. The gentleman went to the
scene, killed the snake, and found the rabbit
was ready to match the strength of her
mother love against them too. She soon
understood, however, that she and her little
one were safe, and her reason left her to
suckle and care for the way of mother
rabbits, her little bunny.

A correspondent of *Chambers' Journal* al-
leges that recently in Melbourne, with his
wife and four children, went two and four
he went to see the animals in the Royal
Park, and that four wolves sleeping in a
cage paid no attention to himself and his
wife, but to match the strength of her
mother love against them too. She soon
understood, however, that she and her little
one were safe, and her reason left her to
suckle and care for the way of mother
rabbits, her little bunny.

A farmer near Lewiston, Me., used a horse
to run his machine for cutting fodder, and
was much annoyed at frequent stoppings of
the horse-power, particularly when the horse
was left alone. So he watched the
steed, who, as soon as he thought that he
was alone, reached over the side of the ma-
chine, grabbed the bars with his teeth, pulled
it over, stopped the machine, and then
waited carefully for some one to take off
the brake and start him again. The old
fellow actually looked at when the farmer
tied the brake down and started him on the
treadmill again.

A hen, half black Spanish and half game,
has been doing a land office business
near Mount Hamilton, was disturbed by a
cattle lowing in an unusual manner in a
corral, and going to ascertain the cause he
saw a large snake attempting to carry off
a young calf in its talons. He struck it with
a pitchfork, whereupon the bird leapt the calf,
and made a ferocious onslaught on Mr.
Pease, and finally disabled him, and
securing his gun killed it, but in the battle
he was seriously bruised and scratched. The
calf's injuries were such that it had to be
killed.

John Buckley, of Meriden, Conn., caught
a snapping turtle and took it to the central
telephone office, where he purposed killing
it by a large snake attempting to carry off
a young calf in its talons. He struck it with
a pitchfork, whereupon the bird leapt the calf,
and made a ferocious onslaught on Mr.
Pease, and finally disabled him, and
securing his gun killed it, but in the battle
he was seriously bruised and scratched. The
calf's injuries were such that it had to be
killed.

A young gray squirrel was found by a
party of children at Ivoryton, Conn., and
cared for it until it had grown large enough
to help him when it was set at liberty. The
children had no idea it would ever come
back, but the same night the squirrel came
to the window and tapped on the pane. It
was admitted, and finally disabled him, and
securing his gun killed it, but in the battle
he was seriously bruised and scratched. The
calf's injuries were such that it had to be
killed.

The Society for Psychical Research came
near securing a dramatic short to investi-
gate the other day in a large deserted house
in Washington. Orles of "Papa" and
"Mamma" issued from various parts of the
house at all hours of the day and night.
Finally a phillistine policeman began a hunt
for the spook, and after a chase over the
house he finally secured a parrot which had
gotten into the building.

A horse at Reading, Pa., stepped upon a
little dog that was barking in the street, but
immediately bending down his head, began
licking the little sufferer and uttered sounds
of genuine sorrow.—*Not Much.*

The Bookbinder Had Worked That Hackett
Sometimes Before.

He winked to a bookbinder to step into a
doorway near the postoffice, and then con-
fidentially remarked:
"Sonny, the postmaster and I don't hitch
very well, so I don't care to go in and see
about my mail. Suppose I give you a quar-
ter, and you go in and inquire for a letter for
Claude Melnotte, and if you get one bring it
here."

"Not much!" exclaimed the boy, as he
drew away.
"Because I worked that racket for a fellow
about a month ago. They passed out a let-
ter, and I just grabbed it when an old
duffer nabbed me. Write love to my daugh-
ter, will you?" he belloyed. "Want my Nellie
to stop with you, eh? Ah! I'll run you!"
and he walked off with a cane under his
arm and a bag over his shoulder. "No, no, no,
I've learned something new."—*Detroit Free
Press.*

How Could He See in the Dark?
Ebel and Egbert were bidding each other
a proper good-bye the other evening when
the draft from the open front door blew the
light out.

"Weren't you awfully afraid?" asked
Ebel's dearest friend the next day when
Ebel was telling the story, "to be left alone
in the dark like that?"
"Yes, dear, I was," confessed Ebel
frankly. "Egbert is a queer beastly, you
know, and I was afraid he wouldn't see how
perfectly helpless I was."

A Student of Feminine Nature.
First Napoleon of Finance—What yard do
you, Bill? Robbin' hotels?
Second Napoleon of Finance—Now, I've
struck a better lay than sneak thierin'!

S. N. P.—Safe as stock operation! I rig
myself up as a servant as when I see a
woman with a fine dress I follow her home
and ask her if she ever did give me a ride
in a lift, an' a night glad of the chance.
S. N. P.—What do you say to 'em?
S. N. P.—I say, Mrs. Astor wants it
for a party.—*Red Star.*

The Mail Him There.
An up-down record was written his person
for Sunday when his little girl came to his
study. Taking her upon his knee for a mo-
ment she looked at his manuscript curiously,
and turning to him in a thoughtful way
said: "Pa, dear God let you write to write
certainly, my child."
Then what makes you scratch so much
on't?—*Red Star.*

His of the World and a House of the Other
world.

IT IS THE LITTLE ACHES

Which people often don't mind until the cause is so deep-
seated as to require medical attendance to eradicate.

Doctors Are Expensive

but are necessary, and the world could no more get along without
them than if the globe were suddenly deprived of its axis. But
the thing is not to wait until a physician is imperatively demanded.
He will have to come soon enough. No doubt as to that. But for
the little things that

Knock Us Out

temporarily, there is no need of waiting and letting little aches like
acorns grow into tall oaks of pain, as it were. A halt dollar will
frequently save a half hundred if one's foresight is anything like as
good as his hindsight. Say what one may, the proprietary reme-
dy is many times the better receipt than that which may be pre-
scribed, at the cost for the mere consultation, of double the money.

No Reflection Intended

upon the medical profession, but it is a fact that not a few of the
strictly orthodox have, upon discovering a specific, had it protected
by law and handled by a friend. In this way getting around the
professional pledge not to keep secret a discovery, but at once
give it to the world. Supposing that at one fell swoop all oppor-
tunity was done away with to secure remedies from other than
strictly professional sources. A good thing for M. D.'s. this
would be surely; but how about the millions of people who save
millions of dollars in having at hand, at a nominal price, such
remedies as come in just at the

Nick of Time.

This is the season of the year when the little aches steal in
one's bones almost unawares. A little stiffness to-day, sore feeling
to-morrow. Not much, to be sure, but enough to show a tenant in
one's system that should be evicted forthwith. Acting promptly
upon this conviction, the expenditure of a half dollar for a bottle of
ST. JACOBS OIL and its intelligent application speedily brings
about a change, and the disinclination to exertion gives way to an
activity that stimulates the appetite, compels good digestion and
braces the whole being into a consciousness that

Life is Indeed Worth Living.

"But," say the cautious, "it is a proprietary medicine. Is
advertised the world over, and because it is so made known, it is
not good for anything. That is what my doctor says." How ab-
surd such a claim in the face of the fact that for years and years
this great conqueror of pain has been known and believed in
by countless people, who in their own persons and through their
own experience have tested its rare efficacy! That it will cure
everything to which human flesh is heir to has never been claimed
for it.

It Will Not,

but it will completely and effectually cure everything of a rheumatic
nature as well as neuralgic and the like. In short, it is just the
thing to have in the house now when damp, cold days come and
bring with them the inevitable pains in the back, twinges in the
joints and other danger signals, which, if not heeded, mean

Doctors' Bills

and worse. Speaking of bills, it is said that the late Miss Wolf, of
New York, used to pay \$20,000 a year to her medical attendant.
The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart paid an average of \$32,000 to three
physicians. Mrs. C. Vanderbilt pays her doctor \$10,000 a year
and Mrs. William Astor \$16,000. Mrs. Ellis, an American
lady, physician to the Queen of Cores, receives \$15,000 a year.
At a meeting of the New York Medical Society two white-haired
physicians agreed in saying that at least one-half of the practicing
physicians of that city receive incomes of \$5,000 a year and upward.

Only the Chosen Few

can stand anything like this, and the vast majority must watch
the doctors to be able to pay the most modest of bills. With a
few exceptions of the high standard and distinguished eminence

